Wanderer's Ace

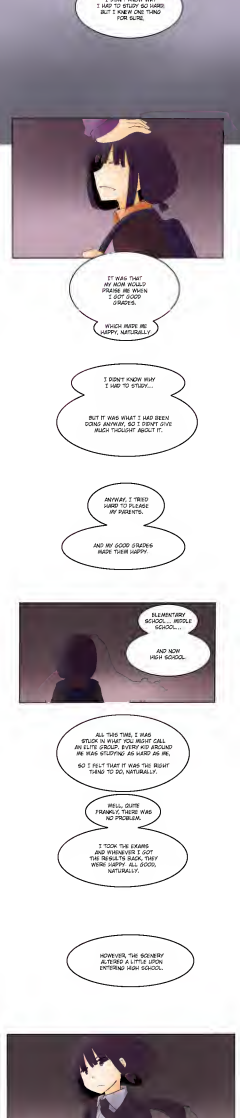
by Akane

#11. WANDERER (2)

Do not upload my projects to online manga readers.
My projects must remain free of profits.
Do not upload to Mangahere, Mangatown, Mangafox, MangaPark, Mangafox, and so on... (You get the gist)

suraplace.com

TRANSLATED BY
Yuna's Place


YOU MAY OR MAY NOT KNOW, BUT MY PARENTS ARE DOCTORS.
AND SO WAS MY GRANDFATHER
SO NATURALLY I WAS TOLD THAT I NEEDED TO BECOME A DOCTOR AS WELL
EVER SINCE I WAS A CHILD, I TOOK A LOT OF DIFFERENT LESSONS, PLAYING THE PIANO, LEARNING ENGLISH, ETC...
I WAS TOO YOUNG AND THOUGHT THAT IT WAS NORMAL.
AND I DIDN'T KNOW OF ANYTHING ELSE OUTSIDE OF THAT.
I PROBABLY STILL DON'T KNOW.
I DIDN'T KNOW WHY I HAD TO STUDY SO HARD, BUT I KNEW ONE THING FOR SURE.

I DIDN'T KNOW WHY I HAD TO STUDY...
BUT IT WAS WHAT I HAD BEEN DOING ANYWAY, SO I DIDN'T GIVE MUCH THOUGHT ABOUT IT.
ANYWAY, I TRIED HARD TO PLEASE MY PARENTS.
AND MY GOOD GRADES MADE THEM HAPPY.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL... MIDDLE SCHOOL...
AND NOW HIGH SCHOOL.
ALL THIS TIME, I WAS STUCK IN WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL AN ELITE GROUP. EVERY KID AROUND ME WAS STUDYING AS HARD AS ME.
SO I FELT THAT IT WAS THE RIGHT THING TO DO, NATURALLY.
WELL, QUITE FRANKLY, THERE WAS NO PROBLEM.
I TOOK THE EXAMS AND WHENEVER I GOT THE RESULTS BACK, THEY WERE HAPPY. ALL GOOD, NATURALLY.
HOWEVER, THE SCENERY ALTERED A LITTLE UPON ENTERING HIGH SCHOOL.

THERE WERE A LOT OF WEIRDOS. IT WAS A COMPLETELY DIFFERENT GROUP OF KIDS.
SOME DASHED TO THEIR CLUBS AS SOON AS CLASSES WERE OVER, DOING SOMETHING THAT TO NEVER UNDERSTAND.
I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND.
WHY WOULD THEY BE DOING SOMETHING SUCH AS SUCH A CRUCIAL PERIOD OF OUR LIVES?
BUT YOU KNOW... WHEN THEY WERE DOING THEIR STUFF...
THEY LOOKED HAPPY. I MEAN REALLY HAPPY.
AND THEIR HAPPY EXPRESSIONS... WERE TOO BRIGHT FOR ME TO LOOK AT.
IT MADE ME FEEL UNEASY FOR SOME REASON.

I WASN'T THINKING ABOUT WHY THEY WERE DOING SUCH USELESS THINGS INSTEAD OF STUDYING...
IT WASN'T ANYTHING LIKE THAT.
I JUST...
I...JUST DIDN'T FEEL GOOD BECAUSE I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WERE SO HAPPY ABOUT... TO BE MORE PRECISE, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT MADE THEM HAPPY.
.....

...EVEN SO, I WAS SIMPLY FEELING UNEASY ABOUT THEM
NOTHING MORE, NOTHING LESS. THE FEELING WAS SIMPLY DISTANT.
BECAUSE OF A CERTAIN PORTION OF STUDENTS OR "ELITES"...
YES, THEY DIDN'T SEEM TOO DIFFERENT FROM THE KIDS I'VE BEEN IN MY YOUTH.
STUDYING WAS EVERYTHING TO THEM.
AND THEY WERE FINE WITH THAT.
AND THE EXPRESSIONS ON THEIR FACES WERE IDENTICAL TO MINE.

YOU WERE ONE OF THOSE BLACK AND WHITE STUDENTS.

SO I HEARD THAT ELSEWHERE WAS NOT STANDING WAS LIKE THAT

HAD P PLEASED TO BE MADE NERVES TO KEEP N ORDER TO KEEP UP WITH THE GOOD GRADES.

...OR SO I THOUGHT

HOWEVER, AT SOME POINT, EVEN YOU—

OF

OF

DA DA DA DA DA

WHOOOSH

DA DA DA DA

STOP TRYING TO BREAK MY LIFE.

EVEN KNOCKING

YOU WERE ALWAYS ME FOR THE TOP.

YOU WERE ALWAYS COMPETING WITH ME

YOU WERE SLEEPOVER TO BE IN A DIFFERENT WHERE YOU WERE LOVELY AND TO KEEP ON STUDYING

LIKE YOU—

STARED TO HAVE THAT FACE.

ENOUGH.

I SIMPLY HAVE SOME-THING I WANT

I WOKE HAD MY EYES OFF MY DESK

STOP SAYING SO BRIGHTLY IN FRONT OF ME.

STOP MAKING ME FEEL SO UNEASY

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QUIT TALKING ABOUT...

DREAMS OR PASSION...

GR AB!

IN FRONT OF ME.

GET OUT OF...

MY FACE.

Translated by...
Sura's Place
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p.s

Sensei~

Grrr, I already have enough emotional baggage as a handicap because of a handicap.

I'm in my 3rd week as a teacher trainee, I think. The students are starting to recognize me.